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BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 25, 1900.

The Cubans have gone. They were killed to death to leave Boston, and if the remark were not so obvious it might be fitting to observe that they will be transported all the way back to Cuba.

What a blessing it is that the dog days come only one by one, and not in sets, as they did in Wonderland, where they mostly had days and nights two or three together. And three nights were always three times as warm as one night.

Have you been at Ravene or at Manasquan beach this summer? Can you have noted the delightful change for the better? And was it not a revelation to find that there are so many respectable people in the world? Thousands upon thousands of them.

Poor Amelie Rives! Found partially insane in a swamp at the foot of a mountain which figures in one of her stories. But it's almost worth while going insane if one could have written "The Quick or the Dead." Great wit to madness is allied.

Why these swelling August dances in the summer hotels? Can't the good folks be uncomfortable enough without dancing? Perhaps, however, the young men feel as did A. Ward when the blushing maiden said to him, "Let us glide in the many dance," and he glided.

When you have occasion to use the telephone in Boston, it will be well always to remember the excellent advice which the Caterpillar gave to Alice when she began to be impatient with him and turned away. "Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "What is it?" asked Alice, and the Caterpillar sternly replied, "Always keep your temper!"

Notwithstanding the fact that there are yet many million acres of unimproved farming lands to be occupied in the country, yet it is estimated that the United States produce one-fourth of the world's wheat, 60 per cent of its cotton, 75 per cent of its corn, besides immense quantities of other grains, fruits and live stock, the exportable surplus of which last year equalled nearly \$800,000,000 in value.

Many of the editorial references to Collis P. Huntington's death seem to have been inspired by the motto, *De mortuis nil nisi malum*. The Record, for instance, speaks of him as "one of the richest, meanest and most unscrupulous men in the public eye . . . about the worst type of the modern American plutocrat." This naturally suggests the mental inquiry whether Mr. Barret has unpleasant recollections of him as a lobbyist in Washington. At any rate, Mr. Huntington was not a politician; he only bought and sold politicians, and his other habits were good.

"Tis said that Milkman Hanna finds the campion cows are going dry. Doesn't the imperialistic fool agree with them? Are they off their feed?" Do the flies bother them? At any rate, the usually bland and bilious Mr. Hanna is to be rather testify these days, and the "pols" who go to him looking for encouragement are apt to have no better luck than that had Hampty Dumpty, who went to the White Queen's House with a broken in his hand, "because he was looking for a fellow hippopotamus." Now, as it happened, there wasn't such a thing in the house that morning. "Is there generally?" Alice asked. "Well, only on Thursdays," said the Queen.

Our nation must continue to protect its industries, because as a whole our farmers raise more than we can eat and our mills and factories and mines produce more than our domestic demands require. Hence we must reduce the supply or increase our markets both foreign and domestic. To close any part of our manufacturing capacity means reduction of wages and a struggle for bread and meat. To protect and encourage our industries, to stimulate manufacturing, to seek for our share in the world's markets, creates a constant demand for labor at good wages and a steady market for farm produce at remunerative prices.

To those who remember the days when the United States was seeking to borrow money and offering notes to bear 7.3-10 per cent interest at about 60 cents on the dollar, it may seem strange that to-day England should be borrowing \$50,000,000, and while only offering less than 3% per cent interest, should be able to place most of that amount in the United States in one day. This indicates that the United States is now prosperous, though rapidly increasing her own debts by the reason of war expenditures, and that the credit of England is good in this country even when the reserve in the Bank of England stands lower than it has for many years, and she also is engaged in more than one war. Perhaps President Kruger or General Alfonso might make arrangements to get a loan here from those who sympathize with them, but we do not think it would reach the above amount.

There is a marked increase in the demand for fine cattle for breeding purposes, which is not confined to any special kind. All the leading breeds have their friends and advocates, and each has special points of merit worthy of consideration. Just as present there is an embargo on European cattle. Official advice to the Department of Agriculture report that the foot and mouth disease is very prevalent among live stock throughout almost all of Europe, except Norway, Sweden and Holland, and importations of animals from European countries, principally Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland, is being prohibited by this Government. A special permit from the Secretary of Agriculture is required for the entry of all these animals subject to contagious disease, and applications for permits from the countries where the disease is prevalent are being refused by the Department.

The two great national campaigns, the political and the shirt-waist, proceed apace, the latter with somewhat greater alacrity than the former displays. When the boys of Long Island city and the mayor of Camden simultaneously appeared, in their shirt sleeves one day last week, it looked as if the shirt-waist might become a political issue, but Mr. Bryan averted the danger by sticking to his shirtless coat, and Teddy still wears his blouse. An effort has been made to dignify the shirt-waist issue, and it has been suggested that Tebe Brabe always put on lace cuffs and fancy clothing generally before beginning work in his telescope. His theory was that men about to appear in the presence of his Maker by peering through a telescope could not be dressed

too well. But nothing can stem the swelling shirt-waist tide. Why, you can see men in their shirt sleeves on the street every day, night and morning, and the wearer often has a pick and shovel.

We hear that in some sections farmers are planning to greatly reduce their stock this fall because of short hay crop. If they have no other alternative but to do so we cannot blame them for such action, but we regret that they did not earlier provide for growing crops that would have kept the animals in good condition when pastures were dry, and crops that could have been substituted for hay when winter comes. Some made such provision, and now, instead of selling animals, they are ready to buy. They will find farming profitable this year because, they will be so situated as to buy stock cheaply of less prudent farmer, who can keep it until there is better crop. The next worst thing is selling stock at a time when it should be paying a profit is to sell when it is not in the best condition to sell. All who have to sell stock should try to fatten it that they may get the best market prices, remembering that in buying and feeding grain they are adding fertility to their farms.

We see that Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has stated that he thinks there is a probability of "dollar wheat" this year. We made the same statement in our "Farm Hints for August," printed a week before Secretary Wilson's statement. He also says that the size of our corn crop this year is likely to prevent any increase in the price of that grain. In this we were more than a week ahead of him, but we are pleased to think that he is right, which is better in his position than making premature statements and then having to retract them. We mention this merely to show our readers that if we have not as many correspondents as the Department of Agriculture, we are carefully watching the reports from all sections, and if we can gain what we think is authentic information, our readers shall have the benefit. And we try to bear in mind the admonition given us more than a half century ago, "ne'er guess unless you think you know." When our readers see any suggestion from us as to market probabilities they may feel sure that we have good reason for our belief, even if we do not always prove correct in the end.

Dropped from Rolls.

The report of General MacArthur that three soldiers, missing since April 3, were "dropped from rolls June 15, as killed by Ladrones," marks a wide change in army methods since the war of 1861 to 1865. If a soldier disappeared under any circumstances, in battle, in the march forward or the retreat, and no one of his comrades could testify to having seen him either killed or wounded, he was "dropped from the rolls as a deserter." No previous record of having been a brave soldier, and usually in his place in the ranks, no evidence of his being unwell, and having to linger behind from illness or weakness, no knowledge of the fact that he was known to have held a very dangerous position when other good soldiers had been driven away, would be allowed to change the record. It was said that the company and regimental officers who knew all the circumstances were not allowed to change this record. In such cases some soldiers returned home with such evidence of having been in rebel prisons that they were able to obtain pensions afterward upon proof of wounds or disease. Others died there, and the proofs were so indisputable that a pension was obtained by dependent relatives, yet there are today thousands branded as deserters who died as heroes on the battlefield, or were starved to death in rebel prisons because they were faithful to their country's cause.

**Is It War?**

We believe that our Government has been within the bounds of accurate statements when it has declared that there is no state of war between this country and China. If our officials there are slaughtered in Pekin, and hundreds of our soldiers killed in attempting to force a way to their rescue, it does not justify us in making a declaration of war as exists between the United States and China. So long as government disclaims that it has the power to check the anti-foreign element in their work, and we cannot trace directly back to them any bloodshed of our citizens, or any sanctioning of what has been done to their injury, we must consider ourselves as the allies of the reigning government there, assisting by our advance to Pekin to crush out what that government pretends to consider as a rebellion against itself, which cannot be called war, at least against China.

This is probably true enough, for we have seen the same thing in Massachusetts since the Irish immigrants began to settle here after the year of the potato famine as it was called. And we see much the same thing going on even in these days, though not as frequently as we did in years gone by. But if in this way the foreign element has gained a foothold in New England, the son of the New England States have been doing the same thing elsewhere. They have gone west "to grow up with the country." The cabin which the Canadians have built in Vermont wood lots are not as rude and rough as the log cabins in which many a pioneer from New England settled and brought up his family, in western New York, Ohio or Michigan, or the sod houses which the cabin of the miners on the Pacific coast.

There are occasions when it is folly to be wise, even if there is no blare in ignorance. We may be conveniently deaf to the mutterings of the party who is but temporarily insane, if we hope that a sane interval will follow. And there are those who believe that the present apparent insanity of the Chinese is but feigned to test how the other powers would act if they went so far as to make it impossible to plead that what has been done has been the act of an irresponsible mob. We have heard an old story of an officer in the United States Navy, shortly after the war of the Revolution, who was asked to dine with some British officers in a neutral port. Before the dinner one of those officers said that after he had taken his wine at dinner he was a little apt to abuse the Yankees in his language, but he hoped no offence would be taken, as he was not quite responsible for what he said after he had been drinking. "Oh, no," said the Yankee captain, "I will not take any offence, as I am sometimes a little affected by wine myself, and then if I hear any one abusing the Yankees in his language, but he hoped no offence would be taken, as he was not quite responsible for what he said after he had been drinking."

Now we may not take any offence at China because of the acts of citizens that she says she is not responsible for, but she must not take offence if the allied powers knock down and walk over or hang up a few thousand of those same irresponsible citizens just to teach them that they have responsibility if their rulers have not. It may be wrong to hang an insane man for murder, but it cures his insanity

when, when they find that they have acquired the means to indulge themselves, and if the Yankees is apparently more ambitious than his foreign neighbor it is only because he has not been educated to the idea that there is and must always be a wide gulf between the aristocracy and the peasantry.

If he acknowledges that there is a difference he can see so many grades between rich and poor, educated and ignorant, refined and uncivilized, that he has courage to be climbing one step higher each time until even the top seems not beyond his reach. And as the foreigner becomes Americanized, he or his children will show the same ambition. They may come here from where they will, there seems but one class who will not Americans in the third generation, or scores the second, of the Asiatic and those who do may find them not strangers to American customs and American progressive ideas.

By general consent we let down the bars of convention in summer. We speak to the people we meet on the country roads. We play with the children we encounter at the seaside. We even exchange acid civilities with the individual who occupies the end seat we covet! All this argues a certain tolerance, a certain breadth, which is perhaps the result of the sun's mellowing influence. If the same tolerance and breadth were extended to authors we have never before found time or had the disposition to cultivate, might not the results be well worth while?

Philip Hamilton all his life looked forward to a summer which he should spend in a garden with Spenser's "Faerie Queene." We have known one man who took for his holiday rambles only Montaigne; another, who spent his vacation in the woods with only Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; another who read nothing but Chapman's Homer for three quiet weeks in the country. Yet in each of these cases the book was kin to the reader. "Twas as if the man had taken a dear friend with him to his resting spot. What we are arguing for is quite a different thing. We are pleading for the cultivation in summer of whatever heretofore unknown author of merit may come your way. For once let yourself be easy of intellectual approach. Many books this summer as you meet people, without criticism, eager to get whatever they may have to give you.

Perhaps you have never found anything to your taste in Browning. He has seemed to you obscure, uninteresting, didactic. But as you leave town a friend puts the poems into your hand, and though you're little inclined to cultivate Browning on the berries and milk of a New Hampshire boarding house, through your summer attitude of non-resistance there results a real intimacy with this author. Or perhaps it is the much-abused Walt Whitman whom you get to know and love at the seaside where broods the "sires old mother" this poet of the Real adores. It isn't so much the work itself which matters as the fact that you may if you will really care to sum for a book or an author heretofore unknown to you. The pioniers can at least look forward to a day when there will be more to be enjoyed and more time for enjoyment, and perhaps they will appreciate that time all the more because of its delay in coming.

M. F. AMES.

#### Boston Fish Market.

There is a fair supply of fresh fish on the market and prices are steady. Market cod is selling at 2 to 2½ cents, large at 2½ to 3 cents, and steaks at 4 to 4½ cents. Shore haddock are also more plenty at 2½ to 3 cents, pollack 1½ to 2 cents, small hake the same, and large or medium at 2 to 2½ cents. Cod at 2 to 2½ cents, weak fish steady at 5 to 6 cents, white soup and butterfish are still scarce at 7½ to 8 cents. There has been a good catch of bluefish this week, with average at 8 to 9 cents, and 6 to 7 cents for small. Halibut is more plenty at 9 to 10 cents for gray and 14 to 15 cents for white. Eastern salmon is still scarce at 24 to 25 cents, while swordfish is steady at 9 to 10 cents. Mackerel are bringing 7 to 8 cents for medium and 16 to 18 cents for large. Oysters are still quiet in small demand at \$1 for Norfolk standard, \$1.25 for Providence Rivers and fresh opened Stamford. In the shell Blue Points \$2 a bushel and Stamford \$1.75 or \$2 a barrel. Lobsters are steady at 16 to 17 cents alive and 17 to 18 cents boiled. Clams are 50 cents a gallon, or \$3 a barrel in the shell.

#### The Pioneers of Today.

A Boston correspondent of the Daily Sun of St. John, N. B., comments upon the incoming of the immigrants into New England in a way that indicates that his days have not all been spent in this city, and that he is familiar with the conditions in the rural districts. He speaks of old farms which have been in the possession of Yankees, and perhaps the descendants of the original settlers, for generations, which are now being taken up by Irishmen, Swedes, Jews, French Canadians and even Armenians.

Alluding especially to the French Canadians, who are occupying so many farms in northern Vermont and New Hampshire, he says they come in as laborers; they are thrifty and save money and then want to buy land. They are apt to buy small tracts of woodland and clear it. They build rude cabins, which finally evolve into more respectable houses. They never let go the hold they get in this way.

"They thrive on farms which the Yankee owners abandon because they could not make a living on them." But with these French Canadians and the late Yankee occupants' "living" mean two very different things. With the Yankees it means beefsteak, a cabin or garret. Sunday clothes such as a woman wears in a good tea bazaar, the academy for children, at 4½ to 5½ cents, and the Century or Harper's. With the French men it means cabbage soup, a mouth organ, very coarse and poor clothes Janes as little reading and education as possible; at any rate, it means these things for a good long time, until the family is solidly prosperous. Then it may mean more elegancies."

This is probably true enough, for we have seen the same thing in Massachusetts since the Irish immigrants began to settle here after the year of the potato famine as it was called.

And we see much the same thing going on even in these days, though not as frequently as we did in years gone by.

But if in this way the foreign element has gained a foothold in New England, the son of the New England States have been doing the same thing elsewhere. They have gone west "to grow up with the country."

The cabin which the Canadians have built in Vermont wood lots are not as rude and rough as the log cabins in which many a pioneer from New England settled and brought up his family, in western New York, Ohio or Michigan, or the sod houses which the cabin of the miners on the Pacific coast.

There are occasions when it is folly to be wise, even if there is no blare in ignorance. We may be conveniently deaf to the mutterings of the party who is but temporarily insane, if we hope that a sane interval will follow. And there are those who believe that the present apparent insanity of the Chinese is but feigned to test how the other powers would act if they went so far as to make it impossible to plead that what has been done has been the act of an irresponsible mob. We have heard an old story of an officer in the United States Navy, shortly after the war of the Revolution, who was asked to dine with some British officers in a neutral port. Before the dinner one of those officers said that after he had taken his wine at dinner he was a little apt to abuse the Yankees in his language, but he hoped no offence would be taken, as he was not quite responsible for what he said after he had been drinking.

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Changes in Dairying.

In 1872 John Stuart of Manchester, Ia., built the first creamery or factory for butter making that was built in the world, and began to pay milk of his neighbors. His venture did not attract much attention externally, locally, until he astonished the world by appearing at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 and capturing the world's prize for fine butter. Since then the business has grown until there are now in Iowa over 650 creameries.

But whether the pioneers are Yankees or Irish, Swedes or Canadian we have seen but few among them who are not ready to seek for better homes, more comforts, better education and all that prosperity will give

#### MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1900.

## WORCESTER CATTLE SHOW

September 3-4-5, 1900.

### Liberal Premiums in All Classes

WM. J. HOGG, Pres.

Room 17, Walker Building.

### WORCESTER, MASS.

WORCESTER,



## OUR HOMES.

The Workbox.  
SILKATEN CROCHET.

Silkaten is the silk-finish crochet cotton, which is as various as its shades and colors. Articles made of this material will stand the test of soap and water, when properly washed.

Mats for vases, dressing case, stand or mantel add much to the beauty of the room, when made of this material. I recently saw a set of mats for a washstand, five in number, made of pink silkaten. They were crocheted in a close pattern, but with an open shell edge, and narrow ribbon run around just inside the border.

The rosesets which are made of the silkaten in fancy roll stitch is very pretty. The roll stitch is done as follows:

Silkaten over the needle 20 times, insert needle in work, silkaten over, draw through the work, silkaten over, pull through the coil, silkaten over, draw through one stitch on needle. The roll when completed is straight, with a string the length of the roll on its left side.

## ONE ROSETTE.

Chain 10 and join round.  
1st round—Chain 8, 6 roll stitches, over 20 in ring, 10 chain, 6 roll stitches, over 20 in ring, join to top of 8 chain.

2d round—Six chain, double between second roll, 2 chain, double between second roll, 2 chain, 12 roll stitches. Over 12 under the 10 chain, repeat all around and join to the third of 6 chain.

3d round—Six chain, double in double (2 chain, double in double), repeat over each double. Over the 12 roll stitches, work to chain, and a double in each roll or each second roll, so that it is full enough around the corners, join to the third of 6 chain.

4th round—Work roll pleats over 20 all around, rather fuller at the corners than on the sides.

EVA M. NILES.

## Simple Health Helps.

To the busy man, or woman, either, for that matter, who feels the need of rational exercise, yet lacks the time or inclination to follow a formal course in athletics, the leaflets issued by the Knickerbocker Athletic Club are invaluable if the health hints are followed with any degree of regularity.

Not one business man in a thousand breathes properly. Not one in ten knows how to breathe properly. And yet it is the oxygen of the air that brightens the blood and makes it life-giving. Children run and romp and shout and laugh and cry. They fill their lungs with air and empty them almost to the last inch, may be twenty times a minute, if the play be violent. They do as nature demands. The business man rides when he can, walks when he must, and exerts himself as little as possible. Very likely half the air in his lungs remains unchanged for hours, maybe for days at a time. He breathes from the top of his lungs only. The blood that is being pumped into his lungs every second meets the languid touch of vitiated air.

What wonder that there is a deadened pulse, a dimmed eye, flabby muscles, and signs of premature old age? That man is poisoning himself. He would not permit a horse to be neglected so foolishly. And there is absolutely no excuse for his neglect—not even the poor one of lack of time. No special time is needed—not special apparatus. The man has but to breathe deeply to take the first great step in the right way. Let him do this wherever the air is reasonably pure—on the ferryboat, at the station, in the park, on the street, even in an upper room. Empty the lungs by breathing out as much as possible, and then slowly draw in and until the chest is expanded to its fullest. Do this half a dozen times, morning and night, and, perhaps, once or twice during the day, for a week or ten days, always with the shoulders and head thrown back, and new health and vigor will come to any one. The purer the air, the better for these deep inspirations. But no matter what the surroundings, do not let dead air stagnate in the lungs.

Breathe through the nose. Try it for a week, taking chest measurements at the beginning and end of the term. See if every fibre of the body isn't helped by it.

Not every man can be a great walker, but every normal man can be a good walker. There is no better exercise. Even slowish walking is good, but it is easy to drop the slouch part and make the every-day walking one of the best of health helpers. Every normal man does miles of walking each day, regardless of cars and carriages. Let him make his walking a little more careful, a little more thoughtful. No need to take an extra step unless the delight of it inspires the effort. Walk with head up, chin down, shoulders back, abdominal muscles tense and ending each step from the toe tip. "Toot oot" slightly, bend knees without a wobbly motion, and avoid pronouncing the pavement with heels. Carry head and shoulders steady, without any side swaying. If caused to such effort it will require much thought at first to break from lapsing into careless ways. After a few trials, the ease, comfort and inspiration of such a walk will encourage persistence. Breathe deeply, slowly and through the nose.

Walk when you can, bearing in mind that, perhaps, "He who rides in a carriage rides toward his grave." Do not sit hunched up at a desk or a table. Hold the upper body as it walks. Bend at the hips, and at the neck, when necessary, but never hump the back and shoulders. Give the lungs room, keep them filled with new air, and do not let the back bone curve either to the right or to the left.

Sleeping on the right side is best. On the back is the snoring position. Take plenty of sleep; to rest in bed is the bane of nerve tonics. Worries are sleep stealers. Easy to say. "Don't worry," but worries come just the same. Easing with sense and moderation just before going to bed tends to sleep-bringing, draws blood to the stomach. Animals eat and sleep. If insomnia is persistent, get up, work, chest weights, swing arms, walk, get physically tired, and you are sure in time to be sleepy.

**Ice Cream and How to Make It.**  
By all means own a freezer, especially if you have a large family, for there is a charm about home-made ice cream that a bought "brick" can never possess. To most children it is a treat of treats, particularly on a warm day, and it is not difficult to impress one or more of them into the service of freezing it. If it is properly packed, the crank which slipped around so easily at first turns with more and more difficulty, till at last the cream is pronounced frozen. That which is served later at the table has not half the charm of the scrapings from the dasher, the legitimate spoil of the one who does the grinding.

It is not such a task to make ice cream as is generally supposed, and in fact many kinds are quite simple. Lay down two rules: Al-

ways use good materials, and to exercise care in the packing and freezing. If these are observed success will be almost inevitable.

In the first place a few directions as to freezing will be helpful. Having made ready your cream and poured it into the can, set it in the wooden tub, and place around it alternate layers of cracked ice and salt, up to the top. The ice should be broken in small pieces by pounding in a coarse bag, and the salt required is the "ice cream salt," sold for the purpose. Let the layer of ice be two or three inches deep, while one inch is sufficient for the salt.

Now for the freezing, which should be done slowly at first, as haste makes not waste in this case, but a lumpy ice cream, turning more rapidly as the freezing progresses. When sufficiently frozen, remove the dasher, replace shield and lock it. Now drain the water off, pack with more salt and ice, and stand away in a cool place several hours before serving. If the directions are carefully followed the cream should be smooth and velvety, perfectly free from lumps.

The so-called Philadelphia ice creams are made of pure cream without eggs or thickening of any kind. For most purposes, however, the plain cream will be found to be rich, and better results are obtained if it is combined with rich milk. Varieties are a matter of personal taste.

Vanilla is easily made and is generally liked. To make enough for six persons, take one quart of rich cream and put over the fire in a farms boiler, together with one pound and a half of sugar and a vanilla bean cut in halves. Let cook about ten minutes, stirring well, after which take out the bean and scrape thoroughly all the seeds and soft part into the cream. Cool, and then add one pint of rich milk, and freeze according to the directions previously given.

Lemon ice cream is a good old-fashioned kind which our grandmothers used to make when the minutes came to tea, and this was their recipe: Mix together the juice and rind of two lemons, the juice of a large orange, and three-fourths of a pound of sugar, letting them stand in a cool place an hour and a half to blend. Meanwhile put on the fire one quart of cream, scald, and then set away to cool. Then freeze to a mush, after which beat in the sugar and lemon juice, and finish the freezing. This will also be enough for six persons.

Caramel ice cream is a delicious variety which is not often met with, and which is comparatively easy to make. Put half a pound of granulated sugar in an iron frying pan. Place over a hot fire, and stir till after melting and browning, it finally boils and smokes. Now turn it into one quart of boiling milk, stir over the fire a moment, and then pour the mixture over half a pound of sugar. Let cool, then add one quart of rich cream and one-tablespoonful of vanilla. Stir well till thoroughly mixed and then freeze. When well frozen, stir in one pint of whipped cream and pack according to previous directions. This will serve twelve persons.

To make chocolate ice cream that is really good, put a pint of rich cream on to boil, together with four ounces of sweet chocolate, a half-pound of granulated sugar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Stir until smooth and perfectly free from lumps, and then strain, preferably through this muslin. Now add one minute, if necessary, to the chocolate, and then pour the mixture over half a pound of sugar. Let cool, then add one quart of rich cream and pack according to previous directions. This will serve twelve persons.

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If the members of your household are addicted to coffee, they will surely enjoy the flavor in ice cream. So some warm July day give them a treat. Take three-eighths of a pound of good Mocha coffee, not ground very finely, and put over the fire in a farms boiler with one quart of cream. Let it stand for ten minutes, then strain through a fine muslin, and add three-fourths of a pound of sugar, then one pint of rich milk. When cold, freeze as before directed.

Fruit ice creams are especially enjoyable in summer, when fresh fruit is obtainable. The recipe for strawberry ice cream has been given in a preceding article and raspberry ice cream is made in much the same way. Put one quart of cream on to boil in a farms boiler, with one pound of granulated sugar, till the latter is perfectly dissolved. Now take a quart and a pint of shorted red raspberry; add to them three-fourths of a pound of sugar and the juice of a large lemon. Mash well, and after they have stood an hour, strain through a fine muslin. Add one pint of rich milk to the sweetened cream and freeze. When it is nearly frozen, stir in the raspberry juice, and beat well. Pack as you would any other kind of ice cream.

Peach ice cream is a delicate kind, and if properly made, will not be the least inspiring. Take one quart of cream on to boil with one pound of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, add one pint of rich milk, and when cold, freeze. Take one quart and one pint of large, ripe peaches, mash, and stir into the ice cream when nearly frozen. Finish the freezing and pack.

Banana ice cream is rich, but any one who is fond of bananas will enjoy it. Boil one pint of cream with one-half pound of sugar, and let the latter dissolve well. Mash six bananas and beat till smooth, then add to the sweetened cream, together with one pint of good milk. Turn into the freezer and freeze as any other cream.

When tomatoes are really in market they should be as various as its shades and colors. Articles made of this material will stand the test of soap and water, when properly washed.

Tomatoes are the savoring position. Take plenty of sleep; to rest in bed is the bane of nerve tonics. Worries are sleep stealers. Easy to say. "Don't worry," but worries come just the same. Easing with sense and moderation just before going to bed tends to sleep-bringing, draws blood to the stomach. Animals eat and sleep. If insomnia is persistent, get up, work, chest weights, swing arms, walk, get physically tired, and you are sure in time to be sleepy.

Walk when you can, bearing in mind that,

perhaps, "He who rides in a carriage rides toward his grave."

Do not sit hunched up at a desk or a table. Hold the upper body as it walks. Bend at the hips, and at the neck, when necessary, but never hump the back and shoulders. Give the lungs room, keep them filled with new air, and do not let the back bone curve either to the right or to the left.

Sleeping on the right side is best. On the back is the snoring position. Take plenty of sleep; to rest in bed is the bane of nerve tonics. Worries are sleep stealers. Easy to say. "Don't worry," but worries come just the same. Easing with sense and moderation just before going to bed tends to sleep-bringing, draws blood to the stomach. Animals eat and sleep. If insomnia is persistent, get up, work, chest weights, swing arms, walk, get physically tired, and you are sure in time to be sleepy.

**Proper Food for Hot Weather.**

Midsummer menus should be the very antithesis of winter ones, all heating, stimulative foods giving place to that splendid variety of health-giving good things which the season brings to us. Three months of vegetarianism would do every one good, but since we are not all inclined to such radical changes there is left to us the sensible change to lighter meals, which proves as delightful as beneficial. Lamb, veal, poultry, boiled and broiled ham, bacon, and above all, fish, gives a wide range of choice.

Fish is the ideal summer meat food both for health's sake and enjoyment, and those who live where they can command it in perfection are to be congratulated. For hot weather breakfasts there should always be one dish that has a "snap" to it, something to provoke appetite. This is just the role for delectably prepared salt fish dishes (prominently among them haddock), for nerves and other highly seasoned dishes that are not heavy.

Bacon should rarely be left off the breakfast menu. It is the finest relish accompaniment to other meat dishes, and alone it covers the breakfast-meat item if accompanied by such things as fried tomatoes, an egg dish plain or elaborate, or something of that character.

When tomatoes are really in market they

should be in evidence in some form for

breakfast, dinner and supper, for summer

gives us no vegetable more enjoyable or

healthful. Notwithstanding all the attacks

of the one who does the grinding.

It is not such a task to make ice cream as

is generally supposed, and in fact many kinds

are quite simple. Lay down two rules: Al-

ways use good materials, and to exercise

care in the packing and freezing. If these

are observed success will be almost invari-

able.



BANG, WITH BERRY PATHOS.

"It may be that Death's bright A-a-angel Will speak in that chord again!"

"It may be that—

GOSH! I believe I've struck that chord thus time!"

made formerly upon its healthfulness, it is now firmly established as medicinal to the greatest degree. Who that loves them ever grew tired of them? For breakfast, they are best simply skinned and sliced, to be eaten with salt, pepper and natural "vinegar" which is their juice; for dinner or luncheon, they are perhaps most properly served cooked or in salad; for supper, in sauce or plain sliced. For any meal, and particularly for breakfast, they are delicious fried if properly done. Never roll them in crumbs or dip them in batter, but roll them until well coated in flour well seasoned with salt, pepper and sugar. Fry to a rich brown on both sides. The slices should be thick, three to a medium-sized tomato.

The salad feature in midsummer menus cannot be overdone, breakfast being the only meal when it is ineligible. Almost everything that comes from the garden is available salad material, and there are dressings with and without oil which cover the whole range of possible tastes, making salad enjoyment a grateful possibility to everyone.

"Irregularities in the upper teeth are caused often by the habit of smoking the thumb or finger, so that mothers should guard against the child's contracting the habit. The teeth may be caused to protrude, too, by the same habit. Many cases of retreating lower jaw and protruding upper jaw are the result of this childhood custom which seems so harmless. At the first sign of the appearance of the thumb or finger should be wrapped in muslin saturated with aloes. Lip smoking is another habit that often causes depression of the lower jaw.

"It is not uncommon for the temporary teeth of children to be attacked by caries soon after their appearance, and it is reasonable to suppose that the nature of the food eaten, upon which largely depends the character of the oral secretions, accounts for this common condition. Children reared on condensed milk and those who are allowed much sweet food are extremely likely to suffer from carious teeth. When the caries have penetrated the enamel the presence of anything sweet in the mouth causes depression of the lower jaw.

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"The greatest precaution should be used to prevent accumulation of tartar. It destroys the tissue of the gums and produces absorption of the bone socket, which causes the teeth to loosen and practically to drop out. It should be watched for carefully, and is detected easily, as it forms on the inner surfaces of the lower front teeth, where it can be felt as a hard substance. A dentist should be visited immediately, as it cannot be removed except by appliances for the purpose.

"A useful wash for removing the bacteria that form tartar is made as follows: Alcohol, 95 G. P., two ounces; carbonate magnesia, two ounces; oil of rose, one-half m.; saccharine, one-half grain; hydrosol, one grain.

"This forms a paste, to which sufficient water should be added to make a pint in a glass. Put a teaspoonful of this in a glass, add one pint of cold water, stir well, and then add to the cream. This prevents the rubbing of the gums. One should always be taken not to brush the gums roughly. This wash should be preceded by a thorough rinsing of the mouth with water that may be clear or have a teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen added to it.

"All persons, young and old, should have the teeth examined by a dentist once in every six months, as when decay begins it proceeds with great rapidity unless skillfully checked."—New York Tribune.

## DOMESTIC HINTS.

## CHICKEN PUDDING.

Dress and cut one chicken into small pieces, put into a small pan with a little water and season until it begins to grow tender, take out and put into a large pudding dish. To one quart green corn (canned may be used) add three well beaten eggs and one pint sweet milk; season with salt and pepper and pour over the chicken. Dredge with flour, lay bits of butter over the top and bake until done.

## RICH FASTASY.

Put one heaping tablespoonful of lard into one quart of pasty flour, and it is done as quickly as a snap. Mix with a little water and add three-quarters of a cup of ice-water and stir it into the flour, adding more water carefully if needed, until it is as soft as can be rolled. Shape it out on a well-floured board, turn it over until well covered, and then roll it out about half an inch thick.

Cover the surface with little dots of butter, using in all about one cup and a half. Dredge with flour, roll the sides and ends, and then roll it out again, fold it in half, turn it over, lay bits of butter over the top and bake until done.

## WATERMELON HALF FROZEN.

Cut the melon in half, remove the rind portion, and with a fork break into small pieces, discarding the seeds. Put in the freezer can without the dasher and let stand about an hour packed in ice and salt.

## POETRY.

(Original).

"CASTE."

"A doleful case!" a street passing said,  
"You Brahma widow; she has 'Sinned Suttee,'  
And now is cut off from her people, she  
Mourns apart, as one abhorred and dead;  
An else, from whom life's best hope has fled,  
Blew born and killed (poor soul) though she be,  
More fellowship with those of low degree,  
And live with humble, caste-barred peris instead.  
Poor for her had been the Suttee's flame,  
Self immolation and the Open Door  
Than this." He paused, when mid the passersby  
I searched for her he deemed assailed with  
shame,  
And found instead—a face (half veiled) which  
wore—  
A look that gave his bearded lips the lie—  
A slender creature in a Mission dress,  
A wan street child tight holding either hand,  
Was edging through the crowd upon the strand,  
Her brown eyes full of quiet happiness.  
The loitering mob whom close about her press  
With jeering comment for her puny hand,  
Gazed not the little woman's self command  
Nor woke one look of fear or bitterness.  
Her life (its "seven burnings") yet denied  
We later found, was a saintly life, a saint,  
That spared, to India's poor a saint's name.  
God grant that when across Life's Great Divide,  
The same trail ended—I might humbly ask  
Both "High Caste" as that priest-spurned wail  
Will claim. —GERHOM CHRISTIAN BUOBBEN.  
Chandu Chouk, Calcutta, '99.

FROM AN OLD WOMAN BASKET.

Touch fall softly, with a tender hand.  
These webs of woven wool;  
I wove mostly at the skill which planned  
Their blendings beautiful.  
Asure and golden purple, white and rose,  
Soft chestnut, softer gray;  
In quiet intricacy each pattern grows.  
Now sombre, and now gay.  
Such after stitch in curious order placed,  
Till after tint to form  
The perfect pattern, with such patience traced  
By fingers quick and warm!  
And with each web the same sweet, skillful hand  
Had left in writing fair  
A chart to guide, if in the task it planned  
Another hand should share.

Don't you get left, too far behind.  
You mustn't disgrace us, you know." The girls had known the members of the Wyandots crew all their lives, and it is difficult to appreciate a person who has been known forever.

Only little Hattie Meredith really believed in the Wyandots. Hattie was a pale girl who did not speak because she was not strong enough, and who recited poems and was too thin to show. But Nature, who saves herself, had given her a mind of her own, and she placed in this frail body a mind of more adventures east. When other girls were dreaming about party gowns or moonlight walks—with the right companion—Hattie was wondering how it would seem to be sailing to the North, past pine clad islands, and through lonely, ice bound seas, to find the utmost solitude at the crown of the world, or she was imagining a tiger hunt from the back of an elephant, or how it would be to travel the great pass of the Rockies and watch the sun follow him from the under part of the earth and swing with glorious noontime up to its highest place.

Hattie, who could hardly bring herself to speak to strangers at all, and who had rarely discovered her curious mind to anybody, who was, indeed, as shy as a dove, had for her secret motto, "Bravado, bravado, and always more bravado." But she told no one. This joke of nature's was unappreciated because unknown.

It had been her greatest diversion for the two years past to go across the common, walk over the railroad tracks and watch from the river bank the Wyandots training in their long, light bodies swaying smoothly in unison.

When the boys shot along through the pale moonlight, and the excitement of those bodies became intense, then something went "Bib, bib, bib," in Hattie's brain, and she knew a moment of intoxication. She was elate. She liked life unutterably. Then, wearied with her excitement, her body would bid her go home and rest. When she heard that the university crews were coming, she said to herself, "Our boys must be the victors." But she never thought of saying it to another.

Besides, no one would have cared much about what Hattie Meredith said or thought. No one took much notice of her at any time.

It was not until the day when she was to be married that Hattie's secret was discovered.

Her husband, a tall, dark, good-looking young man, was shocked.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm a Wyandot," she said.

"Wyandot? What's that?"

"It's a tribe of Indians."

"I don't care what it is."

"I'm a Wyandot," she said again.

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## THE HORSE.

## Old Orchard Meeting.

The meeting which was scheduled to begin at the kits track on Tuesday, the 14th inst., had to be postponed until Wednesday, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before the horses got the word, as the track was very heavy and sticky.

Only two events were on the card, and neither of them provided very exciting contests.

After seven heats had been raced off, a postponement came with the 2 1/2 pace still unfinished.

The programme opened with the 2 1/2 trot, and Philip E. was stoutly played to win at \$25 to \$30 and \$35 for the field, and he justified the confidence of his backers, for he won without a struggle.

He cut clear of his field shortly after the word was given, and they never got to him after that, and he was pulled up at the finish of each mile.

Genvieve, the May King mare, trotted a good race, coming second twice and getting second money, and J. E. C., who was a bit modesty for two heats, settled down in the third and landed second, getting third money.

Four heats were passed in the 2 1/2 class and a decision wasn't reached. Dark Wilkes got two heats and Ned Wilkes two. Emma E. cut out the pace from the word in the opening heat and led to the stretch, with Little Dick and Special Boy lapped on her wheels. Heading for home Wall stopped up on the outside with Dark Wilkes, and in a hard driving finish between the four leaders, all bunched lengths apart, landed the heat. Ned Wilkes, who was the favorite for the race, selling at \$35 in pools of \$65 and \$60, was laid up this heat.

Dark Wilkes was out in front all the way the second heat, but Special Boy and Ned Wilkes were after him hot foot through the stretch, and forced Wall to a free and vigorous use of the lash in order to win.

Wall laid Dark Wilkes up the third heat and as distance had been waived by mutual consent he laid up well about an eighth of a mile back. Little Dick led to the stretch with Ned Wilkes and Fred W close up, but in the drive home Ned Wilkes won from Little Dick by a neck.

The fourth heat Ned Wilkes gathered in with apparent ease by three parts of a length from Dark Wilkes. This event then had to be postponed.

## SUMMARIES.

**Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 16, 1900—2 1/2 trot.**  
Philip E., br. g. by Clay; dam, Clara Bell, by Metropolitan (Union). .... 1 1  
Genvieve, ch. m. by May King (Falgout) .... 2 3 4  
Minnie E., br. m. by Boxwood (Brady) .... 3 3 3  
J. E. C., b. g. by Tribute (W. O'Neil) .... 4 5 2  
Wallwind, or n. by Widwind (Hysle) .... 5 4 5  
Time, 2.17½, 2.17½, 2.16½.

A heavy rainstorm made racing impossible on Thursday, and it was nearly four o'clock on Friday when the horses were called up for the fifth heat of the 2 1/2 pace, and the track was even then very heavy. This proved the final heat of the race and was a contest between the two Wilkes horses, Ned and Dark. Ned Wilkes cut out the pace from the start, and wasn't headed in the miles. Wall tried hard with Dark Wilkes through the stretch, but the best he could do was to get to Ned Wilkes's flank at the finish.

The 2 1/4 trot was the only other event that was completed, the 2 1/2 pace having to be postponed after four heats had been stepped, and the 2 1/1 pace wasn't reached at all.

Confessor was made favorite for the 2 1/4 trot, but after scratching in a heat Much Ado came on and trimmed him. The first heat was a hot finish through the stretch between Confessor, Much Ado and Glory, but Confessor nabbed the heat by a neck.

Lurents led out to the short distance in the second heat with Glory lapped on her, but Much Ado came through on the outside and nailed them both at the wire. The finishes of the third and fourth heats were hot ones between Much Ado and Glory, but Much Ado managed to land there first each trip.

Four heats were worked off in the 2 1/4 pace, and as many horses had a heat apiece to their credit.

Helen R. was the original favorite. After leading up to the very end of the first mile, Rez stepped up and nailed her at the wire, and beat her by a nose only, while Ima was at Rez's flank. The second heat was a hot finish between these three again, and it looked 30 yards from the wire as if Ima would land it, but Helen R. beat her out by a head.

Palmer had laid William H. Moody up a couple of heats and he stepped out now, giving Ima a stern chase through the stretch the third heat, but failing to head her off. The fourth heat, however, Moody captured in a rattling brush through the stretch, with Allietta Ima and Helen R. At this stage of the race postponement came on account of darkness.

## SUMMARIES.

**Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 17, 1900—2 1/4 pace.**  
Philip E., br. m. by Wilkes; dam, Anna (Wall). .... 1 1 1  
Dark Wilkes, br. g. by Dark Night (Wall). .... 1 1 2 2 3  
Little Dick, b. g. by Don Fizaro (Fizaro). .... 3 2 3 5 5  
Special Boy, br. g. by Goldmire (Goldmire). .... 3 4 4 6 3  
Fred W., ch. g. by Ned Wilkes Jr. (Avery) .... 5 6 3 3 8  
Emma E., ch. m. by Allandor (Lavrenece). .... 6 5 5 4 4  
Time, 2.14½, 2.13½, 2.14½, 2.13½.

**Same day—2 1/4 trot.** Purse, \$500.  
Much Ado, br. g. by Judge Salsbury; dam, Lady Simmons, by Simmons (Piney). .... 3 1 1 1  
(Kennedy) .... 1 1 1  
Confessor, ch. m. by Constantine (Constantine). .... 1 4 4 5  
Glory, ch. m. by Sir Walmer Jr. (Carpenter) .... 3 2 2  
Lurents, b. m. by Dexter Prince (Hyde). .... 6 5 5 5  
Harry Shad, br. g. by J. H. Sned (Dobie). .... 5 6 5 4  
Kuster, br. .... 5 6 5 4  
Time, 2.15½, 2.14, 2.18½.

All but one race, the 2 1/4 pace, was cleared from the card on Saturday, and it had to be declared off. The racing was of a higher order than on any previous day, and the track was first-class shape. Mazette tied the track record of 2.07 in the second heat of the 2 1/1 pace.

It took three more heats to find the winner of the 2 1/2 pace. The judges thought Helen R. wasn't being driven to win and they put up Ira Woodbury the fifth heat, the first today. Helen R. went to the front at the quarter and kept there all the way around, though Ima was after her hot footed through the stretch and forced her out in 2 1/2.

Palmer out loose with William H. Moody the sixth heat, and laying at Helen R.'s wheel to the stretch beat her out by a head in a rattling brush, the issue of which was doubtful up to the very last strides.

Helen R. showed the way into the stretch



## RACE WINNERS FROM VARIOUS CIRCUITS.

1. DREAMER (3), 2.15 1-4.  
2. SALLY HOOK (p.), 2.12 1-4.  
3. AMBULATOR (p.), 2.10 1-2.  
4. GAYTON, 2.08 1-4.  
5. PRINCE ALERT (p.), 2.08.  
6. COBBETT (p.), 2.11 1-2.  
7. ANNIE BURNS, 2.12 1-4.  
8. PUSSY WILLOW (p.), 2.12 1-4.

the seven heat by a clear length from Moody, but the chestnut horse outdistanced her in the drive home, carrying her to a break 30 yards from the wire, and winning easily in 2 1/2. Rez, though entitled to start, didn't appear for the word this heat, and was consequently distanced. Woodbury was awarded \$25 out of Helen R.'s winning.

The 2 1/2 pace furnished a keen contest for four heats. Mazette was the original favorite, selling at \$25 to \$30 for the field. Mazette went to a break immediately the word was given in the opening heat, and Bailey laid her up. Art Aico and Joe Pilot had the race to themselves out in front, but Aico won.

The betting now shifted, and Dumont W. was made favorite at \$25 to \$30 for the field, and it proved a keen contest. Mazette was well up at the word and shot to the front from the beginning with Dumont W. at her heels, and they stepped in this fashion to the quarter in 32, the half in 1 03, the three-quarters in 1 32. In the drive to the wire, Mazette had the advantage by a length in 2 07, a new record for her. Both Bailey, driver of Mazette, and Ernest, driver of Dumont W., were fined \$25 each for laying up.

Ernest sent Dumont W. to the front early in the mile and Bailey laid Mazette behind him by a length to the stretch, and cutting open from the three-quarter pole beat Dumont W. home by a neck in 2.09½.

The fourth heat was a rasper, too. Ernest made a vigorous drive with Dumont W. The leading was at Mazette's throatlatch turning into the stretch, and he stood a hard drive to the wire, but Bailey shook his whip over Mazette inside the short distance and stalled off his challenge, winning by a half length in 2.08½.

Miss Duke made her first start of the season in the 2 1/2 trot, and she reeled it off with ease in straight heats, stepping the second in 2 1/2, nine seconds below her previous record. She went to the front at the word the opening heat and was never headed throughout the three miles.

Will Leyburn, too, found a soft snap in the 2 1/2 pace. Lizzie Wilkes started out in the opening heat as though it was all over, leading Leyburn and Ambulator by six open lengths to the half, but she willed when Leyburn came at her in the stretch, and the gelding won easily. Both the other heats came his way with little exertion.

**SUMMARIES.**

**Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 16, 1900—2 1/2 pace.**  
Philip E., br. g. by Wilkes; dam, Anna (Wall). .... 1 1 1  
Dark Wilkes, br. g. by Dark Night (Wall). .... 1 1 2 2 3  
Little Dick, b. g. by Don Fizaro (Fizaro). .... 3 2 3 5 5  
Special Boy, br. g. by Goldmire (Goldmire). .... 3 4 4 6 3  
Fred W., ch. g. by Ned Wilkes Jr. (Avery) .... 5 6 3 3 8  
Emma E., ch. m. by Allandor (Lavrenece). .... 6 5 5 4 4  
Time, 2.14½, 2.13½, 2.14½, 2.13½.

**Same day—2 1/4 trot.** Purse, \$500.  
Much Ado, br. g. by Judge Salsbury; dam, Lady Simmons, by Simmons (Piney). .... 3 1 1 1  
(Kennedy) .... 1 1 1  
Confessor, ch. m. by Constantine (Constantine). .... 1 4 4 5  
Glory, ch. m. by Sir Walmer Jr. (Carpenter) .... 3 2 2  
Lurents, b. m. by Dexter Prince (Hyde). .... 6 5 5 5  
Harry Shad, br. g. by J. H. Sned (Dobie). .... 5 6 5 4  
Kuster, br. .... 5 6 5 4  
Time, 2.15½, 2.14, 2.18½.

**Same day—2 1/4 pace.** Purse, \$500.  
Mazette, b. m. by Tennessee Wilkes; dam, Marcilla, by McEwen (Bailey). .... 1 1 1  
Art Aico, br. g. by Blisaleo (Blisaleo). .... 1 3 4 5 3  
Dumont W., br. m. by Don Fizaro (Fizaro). .... 2 2 2 2 4  
Lizzy, ch. g. by Lockaway (Wall). .... 2 2 2 2 5  
Bailey, br. g. by Lumps (Lowers). .... 6 5 5 5 7 dr  
Joe Pilot, br. g. by Don Fizaro (Fizaro). .... 6 5 5 5 7 dr  
Time, 2.15½, 2.13½, 2.13½, 2.13½, 2.13½.

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Time, 2.15½, 2.13½, 2.13½, 2.13½, 2.13½.

**Same day—2 1/2 trot.** Purse, \$500.  
Hill Top Jr., brk. h. by Hill Top (Etherage). .... 5 4 3 1 1  
Quicksilver, gr. g. (Swan). .... 1 1 6 5 5  
Number, br. g. (Richmond). .... 5 3 1 3 3  
Spruce Sprague, blk. m. (Murry). .... 3 1 3 4 4  
Schley, ch. g. (Sousie). .... 4 3 2 3 4  
Yetta Wilkes, blk. m. (Hanson). .... 3 5 4 5 4  
Baby Boy, br. g. (Stanley). .... 6 8 6 6 5  
Time, 2.30, 2.28½, 2.30½, 2.30½, 2.30½.

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